

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Preparedness Paid

By CORONA REMINGTON

"I am absolutely convinced that there was a letter made, and if I could find it I feel certain my client would be better off by a good many thousand dollars."

"And if you could prove something that there was another will, and then find it or make the person holding it give it up, you'd make a whole lot more money, wouldn't you, George?"

"You mean my little girl," laughed Caruthers. "But you're right, I, or rather we, would make a good bit more."

"It makes me feel all thrilly when you say 'we' like that," she told him.

"It is we. The fact that we are not quite married yet, Eloise, does not make any difference. We will be soon, and we will be sooner if I find old Thomas left another will."

"Who would be apt to have it if it did?"

"I'm chiefly afraid it's been destroyed, but if it ever really existed and if it has not been destroyed, Bill Thomas, my client's brother, probably has it. You see, it's this way: Five years ago old Thomas and his son Jim my client had a frightful row about a girl Jim wanted to marry and swore he would marry her. The father first threatened to cut him off and even to kill him if he had anything more to do with her. But it made no difference; the young chap turned a deaf ear to his father's threats, and not only went everywhere with her openly but married her a few months later. When he heard that Thomas flew into a violent rage and a slight stroke as a result of his outburst. That scared him somewhat and no one heard any more about his wanting to kill Jim, but that very night, fearing he might die, he made a will cutting Jim off entirely and leaving everything to Bill. Since then, however, time seems to have softened his attitude, and he not only grew very fond of Jim's wife, but lived in his house the last two years of his life and the day he died he tried to say something to Jim about a will, but he was so weak he could not make himself understood. Now since he had become reconciled, even attached to the young wife, it seems natural that he would want to remember her in his will, that is through Jim, of course, and he believes, I do, too, that Bill knows something about another will. But it is naturally against his interest to give it away, he's keeping it pretty close. Bill was always a good bit of a black sheep, though no one could convince his step that he could do wrong. It was impossible—Bill was Bill, therefore it was all right whatever he did."

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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Mike Mole's Trouble



"Then just stick out your tongue!" smiled Dusty Coat.

Mike Mole sat at his front door, just across from Munch Mouse's house in the basement of Maple Tree Flats.

Mike was lonely and sad. As he said he hadn't seen a living soul hardly since cheeky Jack Frost came around. Chris Crow and old Mr. Owl were about the only ones he saw.

Mike didn't know, Mike said, that rather than a good case, the little mouse came by his way to them.

Mike didn't see so very well in the daylight, but he knew something "caw" and "Oo" and "ho" that his eyes were poking around looking.

Mike was the least of Mike's family. His little tum tum was almost empty, for he lived on earthworms and the earthworms had gone down ten feet under the ground at the first sign of Jack Frost, and stayed there.

Mike was a good digger, but ten feet down, he would have to dig through like stone shovels to go down.

Well, I guess winter has come to stay," said Mike.

"What's talking to himself?" asked a voice.

It was Nancy and Nick followed by Dusty Coat, the little

dwart sandman.

"Hello, Mike!" declared Nick.

"Hello!" said Mike happily. He liked Nancy and Nick and was always glad to see them. He was extra glad now as he was so lonely.

"Mike this is Mr. Dusty Coat. Mr. Dusty Coat, this is Mr. Mike Mole," introduced Nancy.

"How d' y do," said both of them.

"Selling something?" asked Mike peering nearsightedly at Dusty Coat's bag.

"No," said the dwarf setting his bag of magic powder on the ground. "Just giving something away. Something that's good for cold folks and hungry folks and lonely folks. Have some?"

"Yes," nodded Mike. "I'm all three."

"Then just stick out your tongue!" smiled Dusty Coat.

Mike did so and Dusty Coat shook a little on Mike began to look drowsy at once.

"He'll be asleep in a minute," said he, "so we'd better carry him into his house and tuck him into bed. He'll sleep till spring."

To Be Continued

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CAPTAIN
BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

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BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Captain Blood, physician and adventurer, is captured by Royalist troops, while giving medical aid to one of the leaders of a rebellion against the English Crown.

With Jeremy Pitt, a young shipmaster, captured with him, he is brought to trial charged with high treason against His Majesty, King James. He protests his innocence, stating he was taken when acting in his capacity as a physician and not participating in the rebellion.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"I was never with that army," I never was attracted to the late rebellion. I regarded the adventure as a wicked madness. I was summoned that morning to succor Lord Gildoy, and I conceived it to be the sacred duty imposed upon me by my calling to answer that summons."

"Was there ever such an impudent villain in the world as thou?" The judge swung white-faced, to the jury. "I hope, gentlemen of the jury, you take notice of the horrible carriage of this traitor rogue, and withal you cannot but observe the spirit of this sort of people, what a villainous and devilish one it is."

Upon that he proceeded to his summing-up, showing how Baynes and Blood were both guilty of treason, the first for having harbored a traitor, the second for having succored him.

Peter Blood looked round the scarlet-banded court. He laughed, and his laugh jarred unpleasantly upon the deadly stillness of the court.

"Do you laugh, sirrah, with the rope about your neck upon the very threshold of that eternity you are so suddenly to enter into?" And then the judge delivered sentence of death in the prescribed form.

CHAPTER VI.

Human Merchandise.

On the morning of the 19th there arrived at Taunton a courier from Lord Sunderland, the Secretary of State, with a letter for Lord Jeffreys wherein he was informed that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to command that eleven hundred rebels should be furnished for transportation to some of His Majesty's southern plantations, Jamaica, Barbados, or any of the Leeward Islands. Slaves were urgently required and a healthy, vigorous man could be reckoned on for at least from ten to fifteen pounds.

Thus it happened that Peter Blood, and with him Jeremy Pitt and Andrew Baynes were conveyed to Bristol and there shipped with some fifty others aboard the Jamaica Merchant. From close confinement under hatches, ill-nourished and foul water, a sickness broke out amongst them, of which eleven died.

The mortality might have been higher than it was but for Peter Blood.

Toward the middle of December the Jamaica Merchant dropped anchor in Carlisle Bay, and put ashore the forty-two surviving rebel convicts.

To inspect them, drawn up there on the mole, came Governor Stead, a short, stout, red-faced gentleman, who limped a little and leaned heavily upon a stout ebony cane. After him, in the uniform of a colonel of the Barbados Militia, rolled Colonel Bishop, a tall, corpulent man who towered head and shoulders above the Governor. At his side, and contrasting oddly with his grossness, moving with an easy striding grace, came a slight young lady in a modish riding gown.

Buyers came and stared and passed on. Blood noticed that the girl was speaking to Bishop, and pointing up the line with a silver-belted riding-whip she carried.

Bishop shaded his eyes with his hand to look in the direction in which she was pointing. Then slowly, with his ponderous, rolling gait, he approached. Peter Blood found himself staring into a pair of beady brown eyes. He felt the color creeping into his face under the insult of that contemptuous inspection. "Bah! A bag of bones. What should I do with him?"

He was turning away when the Captain in charge interposed.

"He may be lean, but he's tough, tough and healthy. When half of them was sick and the other half sickening, this rogue kept his legs and doctored his fellows: Say fifty pounds for him, Colonel. That's cheap enough."

The Colonel finally purchased

Peter Blood found him

SELF-STARRING INTO A PAIR OF BEADY BROWN EYES—

Peter for ten pounds. Jeremy Pitt went to the same master for the sum of twenty pounds.

CHAPTER V.

Arabella Bishop.

One sunny morning in January, about a month after the arrival of the Jamaica Merchant at Bridgetown, Miss Arabella Bishop rode out from her uncle's fine house on the heights to the northwest of the city. Reaching the summit of a gentle, grassy slope, she met a tall, lean man dressed in a sober, gentlemanly fashion, who was walking in the opposite direction. He was a stranger to her and yet in some vague way he did not seem quite a stranger.

Miss Arabella drew rein.

"I think I know you, sir," said she.

The stranger came to a standstill upon being addressed.

"A lady should know her own property," laughed he.

She recognized him then.

Miss Bishop had heard that this

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